

f May<sup>^</sup>fl <sup>A</sup> \*\*'D *PARTHENOPHE*,  
SESTINE. 481

Her hardened heart, which pitied not my tears.  
The wln-d-shaked trees make murmur In  
the wood, The waters roar at this thrice  
sacred night, The winds come whisking  
shrill to note her furies ; Trees, woods,  
and winds, a part in my complaints bare, And  
knew my woes ; now joy to see her  
kindled ?

See' whence She comes, with loves enraged and  
kindled! The pitchy clouds, in drops, send  
down their tears ' Owls screech ! Dogs bark  
to see her carried bare ! Wolves yowle and  
cry ! Bulls bellow through the wood <sup>f</sup>Ravens  
croape ! Now, now ! I feel love's fiercest  
furies <sup>f</sup>Seest thou, that black goat ! brought,  
this silent night,

Through empty clouds, by th\* Daughters of  
the Night! See how on him, She sits! with  
love rage kindled ' Hither, perforce,  
brought with avengeful Furies 1 Now, I  
wax drowsy! Now, cease all my tears;  
Whilst I take rest, and slumber near this  
wood ! Ah me ! *PARTHENOPHE* naked and  
bare !

Come, blessed goat, that my sweet Lady bare !  
Where hast thou been, *PARTHENOPHE* ! this  
night ? What, cold ! Sleep by this fire of  
cypress wood, Which I, much longing for thy  
sake, have kindled ! Weep not! Come Loves  
and wipe away her tears ! At length yet<sub>5</sub> wilt  
Thou take away my furies ?

Ay me! Embrace me ! See those ugly Furies !  
Come to my bed! lest they behold thee bare;  
And bear thee hence ! They will not pity  
tears!  
And these still dwell in everlasting night!  
Ah, Loves, (sweet love!) sweet fires for us hath  
kindled !  
But not inflamed with frankincense or wood.